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KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT ASCOT YESTERDAY.



Though the weather was not very bright, there was a big crowd on the course yesterday, when the Ascot meeting was opened in state by the King and Queen. The first photograph shows their Majesties in the royal box. No. 2 gives an idea of the scene in the enclosure. No. 3 was taken as the royal procession was passing down the course on its way to the King's pavilion. No. 4 is a snapshot of the finish of the opening race, and No. 5 shows the leading in of the winner, Sir E. Cassel's Nabot.

SHAH'S LUGGAGE SEIZED FOR DEBT.

Unpaid Paris Creditors Dis-
train Upon His Trunks
at Contrexeville.

AWKWARD SITUATION

Minister of Justice Will Probably
Be Asked To Intervene in the
Royal Traveller's Behalf.

It is difficult to imagine what will be the feelings of his Serene Majesty the Shah of Persia when he arrives at Contrexeville, the famous "cure-place," in France, to-morrow, only to find that his "advance luggage" is in possession of the bailiffs. It has been seized for debt on the complaint of a number of Paris tradesmen.

In point of fact, his Majesty will only be in possession of those things which he has brought with him for the night.

When the Shah was staying in Paris, at the Elysee Palace Hotel, some three years ago, he was looked upon by the French tradesman as an excellent customer.

From morning till night the anteroom of his apartments was crowded with tradesmen willing to sell the royal visitor anything and everything.

With true Oriental extravagance his Majesty made plentiful purchases. Nothing came amiss. Motor-cars of the latest designs, gorgeous dresses, flowers real and artificial for his favourites, a steam locomotive, and various elaborate musical boxes were amongst his purchases.

ORIENTAL SERENITY.

The tradesmen were delighted, and duly delivered the purchased goods. In due course, also, they delivered the bills.

With Oriental serenity, however, the Shah omitted to pay these little accounts. Doubtless he never troubled himself with such commonplace matters, but left them to his Grand Vizier.

Finally the creditors have lost all patience, and now that his Majesty's advance luggage has arrived at Contrexeville, whither he himself is going to undergo the treatment, they have had it seized by officers of the law under a "saisir forcaine," or "distrain on a foreigner."

What will be his Majesty's action when he arrives is the question that everyone is asking. Will he appeal to the French Government to have all these impudent creditors beheaded at once, or at the very least thrown into prison?

In all probability the Minister of Justice will direct that this order of distrain be cancelled. Even if that should be the case the creditors feel that they will have gained their point in drawing his Majesty's personal attention to their long outstanding accounts.

That is really their object. They did not suppose they would be permitted to distrain upon the goods of a reigning Sovereign.

ROYAL BRIDAL TRIP.

Before Leaving, Prince and Princess Gustavus
Plant Oaks at Saighton Grange.

Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden reached here yesterday to spend the second part of their honeymoon.

They arrived at Holyhead yesterday morning, crossed by the R.M.S. Ulster to Kingston, and went by the Kerry train to Adare Manor, which has been placed at their disposal by the Earl and Countess of Dunraven.

Before leaving Saighton Grange, where they spent the first part of their honeymoon, the royal couple, at the request of the Countess Grosvenor, each planted a twin oak-tree in commemoration of their visit.

LADY PLUNKET'S ESCAPE.

Her Carriage Falls Over a Steep Embankment
in New Zealand.

Lady Plunket, the wife of the Governor of New Zealand, one of her children, and the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, her sister-in-law, had a remarkable escape from death yesterday.

According to facts supplied by a Reuter message from Wellington, it seems that her ladyship and her party were driving when the carriage fell over an embankment 15ft. high.

All the occupants, although shaken, suffered nothing worse than a few bruises.

Lady Plunket is the youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin, and was married to Lord Plunket, who is in his forty-first year, eleven years ago.

WAR STORES SCANDALS.

Ministers Bombarded with Ques-
tions by the Angry Opposition.

MR. BALFOUR'S RETORT.

Nothing but the now famous Butler Report was in the minds and the mouths of members who assembled in the House of Commons yesterday, and for nearly half an hour the Prime Minister and Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary for War, were bombarded with questions on the Army contract scandal in South Africa.

The cross-examination elicited the following points of information from Mr. Balfour:—

1. That the Director of Public Prosecutions has advised the Government that there is no case for a criminal action.
2. That a court-martial is, in the Prime Minister's opinion, undesirable pending further investigation.

"As to what form the investigation should take," added Mr. Balfour, "the Cabinet has not yet considered, but my own impression is that the matter should be dealt with by a Committee of the House of Commons."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman asked for an explanation of the remarkable preface by the Secretary for War to the Butler report.

"The report was admittedly incomplete," replied Mr. Arnold-Forster, "and it was consonant with justice to make the observations I did, which could not, I imagine, prejudice any court of justice."

"What Cabinet Minister is responsible for authorising these contracts?" sharply demanded Mr. Lough.

"The head of the War Office is responsible," retorted Mr. Balfour in animated tones, "precisely in the same way as Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for War was responsible for the broken bayonets at Abu Klea."

Loud Ministerial cheers and indignant Opposition cries of "Oh!" accompanied the Prime Minister's rejoinder.

It is already evident (says the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) that the Opposition will not accept the Premier's suggestion of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, because it would be impossible for the Committee to report during what remains of the session, and as Select Committees cease at the rising of Parliament, the result would be to shelve the question for another year. Strong pressure will therefore be brought to bear upon the Government to appoint some sort of Judicial Commission which would sit daily until their investigations were completed. It is now understood that the £6,000,000 that have been misappropriated do not by any means represent the real amount which has been taken wrongfully out of the ratepayers' pockets.

LADIES AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

The terrace of the House of Commons presented a particularly gay and animated scene yesterday, scores of ladies with bright summer costumes being entertained to tea, with strawberries and cream, by M.P. relatives and friends.

MR. BALFOUR TOO LATE.

Owing to the Crowd Prime Minister Did Not
Join the Speaker's Procession.

The stately and picturesque ceremonial incidental to the equipment of "Mr. Speaker" Lowther with all the powers of First Commoner was duly performed at Westminster yesterday.

In response to the summons from Black Rod, the Speaker-elect, attended by the Commons, walked to the Upper Chamber, the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace in his arms instead of on his shoulder.

The Prime Minister was unfortunately late, and such was the crush of members to see the ceremony in the Gilded Chamber that, in spite of many adroit movements in the crowd, he was unable to elbow his way through the Lobby to his position at the head of the procession.

Addressing the Commissioners in the Gilded Chamber, the Speaker-elect gravely presented himself at the Bar and "humbly submitted himself" to his Majesty's gracious approbation as Speaker of the Commons.

Mr. Lowther was duly informed by the Lord Chancellor that his Majesty had not the slightest objection.

The new Speaker then returned to the Commons, and amid a burst of welcoming cheers, proceeded with the "orders of the day."

GIGANTIC ARMY MANŒUVRES.

LABORE, Tuesday.—The Army manœuvres to be held in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit to India will be on a colossal scale, and represent a series of great battles for the conquest of India. The operations will cover an area of 900 square miles.—Exchange.

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Dallinger Very Doubtful About
Mr. Burke's Alleged Discovery.

Has the origin of life been discovered? Has Mr. Burke succeeded in the laboratory at Cambridge in producing living organisms from lifeless matter?

To many the startling result of the young Irish scientist's experiments with radium and beef gelatin, which are described at length on page 10, seemed proof that spontaneous generation is possible. It appeared that he had taken a great step towards settling a question that scientists have puzzled over for generations.

But the Rev. Dr. Dallinger, one of our greatest authorities on the lower forms of life, is emphatically of opinion that the verdict must at present be "not proven."

"Judging from the published reports," he said to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "I see no reason for believing that Mr. Burke has produced anything that could possibly be said to live."

"What proof is there that these things—'radio-bes,' I believe he calls them—have life? It is said that they grow and subdivide. Well, even if they do, I do not consider that a proof of life."

"Before anything can be called living I think it must have self-directed motion, the ability to absorb dead matter into its own organism, and potential production of its kind. The radio-bes appear to have none of these properties."

The Rev. Dr. Dallinger studied septic organisms, one of the lowest forms of life, for ten years.

"LINIEVITCH RETREATS.

Japanese Armies Gaining Strong Position
Near Vladivostok.

The operations of the Japanese army, which is advancing northwards from Korea to the investment of Vladivostok, are described in an interesting Reuter message.

The Japanese front is being developed across Korea and Manchuria to the Mongolian frontier, and the Russian port will soon be closely besieged.

The battle in Manchuria has been begun, says an Exchange dispatch from Paris. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" states that Linievitch's right wing has been driven back a distance of twenty-five miles.

INURED INNOCENCE.

Horwitz, the Alleged Russian Spy, Resolved
To Take Action Against the Government.

SINGAPORE, Tuesday.—Antonovitch Horwitz, the alleged Russian spy, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment on a charge of trespassing on fortifications, was liberated last evening and sent on board a French mail boat with a ticket.

He, however, refused to leave by the vessel, and the captain declined to compel him to do so.

Horwitz says that he desires to remain here, in order to take proceedings against the Government for false imprisonment.—Reuter.

GROTESQUE REVENGE.

Jealous Frenchman Shaves His Wife's Head
and Paints Her Nose.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—At a village hard by Versailles dwelt a man who was jealous of his young wife. At a local ball a few days ago the wife danced with her cousin, who playfully kissed her.

Arriving home, the husband waited until his wife was in bed, and then strapped her down to the bedstead. He cut all the hair from his helpless spouse's head, and then proceeded to shave her head with a razor. Next he painted her nose with tincture of iodine, and left her strapped to the bed for twenty-four hours.

IDOLATRY OF PLEASURE.

Bishop of Stepney's Views on the Diminishing
Observance of the Sabbath.

Inspired by the recent reference of the Archdeacon of Lewes to the present-day idolatry of pleasure on Sunday, a correspondent wrote to the Bishop of Stepney on the subject.

"The difficulty is," the Bishop replied, "that those responsible for the evil, seldom pay any attention to what the leaders of the Church say."

"I think there is more hope in the laymen's movement, which is busy and energetic in obtaining the adhesion of laymen, whose example ought to have real influence."

The Swedish Riksdag assembled yesterday for its preliminary meeting. There was no excitement, and no allusion was made to the deposition of King Oscar by the Norwegian Storting.

PRINCE EDDY'S CRICKET ELEVEN.

Young Princes Will Play in Their
First Match on Friday.

TEAMS OF ETON BOYS.

If the weather is fine little Prince Eddy and Prince Albert of Wales will take part in their first cricket match on the royal household ground at Windsor Castle on Friday.

The lower boys at Eton will supply the teams, and Prince Eddy and Prince Albert will be included in the elevens.

Mr. Hansell, a young Prince's devoted tutor, has the arrangements in hand, and has visited Eton College with a view to the boys being selected for the match.

Friday is the first day of the Eton and Winchester match at Eton, and at the request of the King of Spain, the Eton boys have been granted a whole holiday on Friday, so that the royal match will not interfere with their studies.

PRINCES' PRACTICE.

The little Etonians will be all dry-dobs, and their interest in the occasion is naturally very great.

Prince Eddy and Prince Albert have been practising with bat and ball under the direction of their tutor, and both shape very well.

The bats the Princes use are small Eton size, about No. 4 or No. 5. The ball is somewhat smaller than an ordinary match ball, namely, preparatory school size, but the wickets are of the ordinary size.

The game is intended to initiate the little Princes into the national game, of which they already know a great deal, both from studying and practice, and also from watching the Eton and Harrow and other big matches.

His Majesty takes the greatest interest in the boys, and is anxious that they should learn the chief English games. The Royal Household cricket ground is an ideal place for the Princes to practise, and Friday's match will be very interesting if the weather is favourable.

ROYAL PICNIC.

It is very probable that the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family will take part in a picnic at Virginia Water on Saturday evening, and thus revive the royal parties given there at the end of Ascot week when his Majesty was Prince of Wales.

No orders are given to the sailors at Virginia Water until a few hours before the arrival of the royal party. Generally a mounted messenger is dispatched to Captain Welch on the morning of the day, and in the afternoon the royal party drives out to the lake. Sailing and fishing parties are then made up, and in the boats kept at the royal boats-houses the King and Queen and the Princes and Princesses embark if the weather is propitious. Probably the new royal brig will be used on this occasion.

An adjournment is subsequently made to the pretty fishing cottage on the edge of the lake to tea, during which one of the Guards' bands play a selection of music.

The early evening is spent on or by the beautiful lake, and then, as shadows fall, a further adjournment, the royal party is conveyed back to Windsor for dinner. Thus a restful close is brought to the excitement and turmoil of the Ascot week.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A telegram has been received at Liverpool stating that the lake steamer Etruria has been sunk in collision.

Unless the Polish language be taught in Warsaw schools, 800 teachers will strike after the summer holidays.

A London angler related at an inquest last night how, whilst fishing at Richmond, he brought a dead body to the surface.

The inquiry into the cause of the great reservoir accident at Madrid, in which many persons lost their lives, has resulted in the arrest of the engineer in charge of the work.

During the nine years he had represented New Zealand in London, said the Hon. W. Pember Reeves, speaking at the Trocadero yesterday, he had spoken at 267 dinners and almost as many luncheons.

Some cliffs between Dover and St. Margaret's, much frequented by visitors, were described as a death-trap at an inquest yesterday on a man found dead on the shore, having evidently fallen accidentally from above.

The chief Chinese associations at Vancouver have met and endorsed the American boycott. They also determined to start flour mills in British Columbia, with Chinese capital and under Chinese control, to supply the Chinese market.—Lafan.

DOUBTFUL BOATS.

L.C.C. Thames Steamers Create Doubts in the Public Mind.

FEWER PASSENGERS.

There was a great falling-off yesterday in the L.C.C. river steamboats and their passengers.

Boats were few and far between and many passengers went away from the piers indignant.

Among other letters on the question of the steamboats, the *Daily Mirror* received one from a correspondent who alleges that some men are in command of the boats who have had no steamboat experience.

Replying to this, Captain Owen yesterday stated that all the men are not only Thames watermen and lightermen, but have had steamboat and, in most cases, passenger experience.

"They are a fine body of men," said the cheery captain.

Our correspondent, however, offers to prove his statement.

More serious still is the allegation that the boats do not carry enough life-saving apparatus for their full complement of 500 passengers.

The Boydell, for example, licensed to carry 500 passengers, is only certified to carry eight buoy deck seats, together capable of supporting ninety-six persons, and four lifebuoys, each capable of supporting, possibly, four persons in still water.

That is to say, in the event of a catastrophe, similar to that which befell the Princess Alice, only one in five could find life-saving apparatus on an L.C.C. boat.

SUBMARINE A8 INQUIRY.

Rivet Missing in Petrol Tank—Crew Alive When Explosion Took Place.

Rear-Admiral Robinson yesterday opened, on the Empress of India, at Devonport, the court-martial on Lieutenants Candy and Murdock and the blue-jackets of submarine A8, through the sinking of which fifteen officers and men lost their lives.

The principal witness was Captain Bacon, who stated, in regard to the foremost petrol tank, that one rivet was found to be out when the submarine was docked. It was impossible to say whether this was out before the accident. Such a hole would allow a ton of water to enter in ten minutes.

He stated that the members of the crew must have been alive at the time of the explosion, as the burns found on the bodies were anti-mortem. Inquiry adjourned.

CANADIAN CRITICS.

Some Useful Hints from Their Inspection of the London Docks.

The Canadian manufacturers visiting England in quest of knowledge concerning "methods" were taken round the docks at Tilbury yesterday on board the Yarmouth Belle.

Afterwards they continued the trip up the river to the Victoria and Albert Docks.

"Your docks," declared one in his bluff way, "are magnificent, but there is one grave defect about them. You must waste in time and money scores of thousands of pounds a year. Why not have a direct system of loading and unloading?"

"The best that could be done would be for your dock people to get a hustle on them and send all those hundreds of barges out to sea and sink them."

MISSING TRUST FUNDS.

£4,000 Vanished in Five Years—Clerk Sent for Trial.

The Charity Commissioners, so the Westminster magistrate was informed yesterday, take a very grave view of the accusations upon which Thomas Stanislaus Maxwell, thirty-three, a clerk, was committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

Maxwell, who was once a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Warrington Rogers and Wilcox, solicitors, of Victoria-street, Westminster, is charged with the robbery of over £4,000 of the funds of the Aramway's Loan Trust of Westminster.

He had to look after the affairs of the trust, and had £500 or £600 through his hands every week.

Mr. Warrington Rogers said the defalcations had been going on for five years, and it came to this—there had not been sufficient control over Maxwell.

BRILLIANT CHARITY BALL.

Last night's brilliant ball at the Wharfedale Rooms, Hotel Great Central, destined to benefit the funds of the Queen's Jubilee Hospital, Earl's Court, was a great success.

Nearly five hundred people were present, and dancing took place in beautifully-decorated rooms, whilst the courtyard of the hotel had been transformed into a charming lounge.

RACING AT ROYAL ASCOT.

Rain Fails To Mar in Any Way the Social Brilliance of the Gathering.

Royal Ascot!

The words suggest the very best racing possible, viewed by the most distinguished throng in the world; the sport of kings in very fact.

Rain may mar the gathering as a spectacle, as unfortunately occurred yesterday, but nothing can dim its social brilliance.

Yesterday demonstrated that Ascot has lost none of its prestige as the first and greatest race meeting in the world.

WATERLOO THRONGED.

Brilliant Assembly of Pleasure Seekers Gathers at the Terminus.

Racegoers crowded Waterloo Station at quite an early hour yesterday morning, for the early-comer catches the cheap train.

Silver bookmakers, fried fish merchants, tipsters, and tic-tac experts jostled one another in lively confusion, all anxious to reach the racecourse bright and early.

Long before midday, however, the station was thronged with the cream of society. Youth and beauty, rank and gallantry, filled the picture, and filled it well.

The commercial element that is so strong a feature of the racing crowd of to-day was completely sunk for the occasion. There were pleasure-seekers pure and simple, to whom racing is but an incident to which is attached one of society's most cherished functions.

There was no eager study of the racecard, no profuse purchase of sporting papers. The true Ascot crowd regards the meeting as a garden-party, a picnic, and an opportunity for displaying the most elaborate costumes and the smartest hats.

LUCKY VICTORY.

Gold Vase Won by Sheer Merit of Horsemanship.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

About one o'clock the royal procession entered the Heath by the Hunt Cup starting-post. The King and Queen and Princess Victoria were in the first carriage, drawn by four bays, the outriders and postillions clad in scarlet and gold.

The royal guests from Windsor followed in a long line. A heavy shower caused all the carriages to be closed, with two exceptions, in one of which Lord Rosebery, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Lord Crewe, and Lord Cadogan.

The bands struck up the National Anthem as their Majesties reached the stands, and the vast assembly, with heads uncovered, greeted the King and Queen, while tumultuous cheers burst from the crowds in the popular enclosures.

The rain ceased almost immediately afterwards, when the King, looking in robust health, appeared on the balcony of the pavilion. The royal enclosure was thronged, and the beauty of the toilettes outshone the very flowers in colour and variety.

The Queen's Interest.

The Queen, attired in mauve, was evidently interested in the opening race, which was won by Sir Ernest Cassel's Nabot. One of the keenest spectators was the Khedive of Egypt, who is the guest of Nabot's owner, at Sir Ernest Cassel's pretty place adjacent to the course. A majority of ladies wore mauve or heliotrope and creamy whites of all tones, with feathery bows, enlivened here and there by costumes in rose and pink. Lady Derby was in purple, and though most of the ladies in the royal circle appeared in mauve or white, there was a black and rose with a ruff, almost Elizabethan, on a fair wearer at the corner of the tier.

There were many Americans present, and in the paddock, that favourite promenade at Ascot, one heard the Transatlantic lilt in unusual frequency. His Majesty's horse, Chatsworth, was not pulled out for the Gold Vase, as he is in reserve for the Cup, that most desirable of racing trophies, which is to be run for to-morrow.

Mr. J. G. Clarke's Mark Time was expected to win the King's Gold Vase, and this candidate was

most unluckily beaten, as superior jockeyship enabled Maher to score on Mr. Sol Joel's Bachelor's Button. Drastic was the criticism on the erring rider of Mark Time, who was said in the language of the course to have "thrown the race away."

The Vase, a silver-gilt, chased, two-handled cup and cover, in the style of Louis XV., with the royal arms on either side, enriched with scrolls, etc., must be regarded by Mr. Joel as a prize secured by a fluke in the great game.

The royal party adjourned to luncheon after this race, and as there was an hour's interval before the decision of the Coventry Stakes, most folk seized the opportunity. There was a long array of coaches and four-in-hands, and among a large number of clubs holding hospitable marquees were those of the Royal Engineers, Cavalry Club, Guards' Club, the Bachelors' Club, and between the latter and the Badminton appeared the Army and Navy.

Flower-Wreathed Balcony.

Ample accommodation was found by ordinary folk in the luxurious rooms abutting on the lawn. The balcony, wreathed in flowers, was crowded, and the occupants of the tables were within view of the prettiest scene, and able to enjoy the music of the Royal Artillery string band in the courtyard outside the royal luncheon rooms. The police band discoursed a sweet programme.

Everyone recognised the ill-luck attaching to Mark Time's defeat, but the Foxhill stable subsequently did well, and opened a week which is likely to be associated with the name of that establishment for many a year.

Mr. Hall Walker's good fortune is almost proverbial, but his establishment of a racing stud in Ireland he has made an extraordinarily big mark.

It would not have been like Ascot if a Kingsclere horse did not score, so Lord Alington's Plum Centur sustained the record by readily taking the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes. GREY FRIARS.

WINDSOR SCENES.

Exciting Accident Disturbs the Crowded Traffic to the Racecourse.

As usual, great crowds reached the racecourse by way of Windsor, and the streets of the quiet little town were thronged with the customary medley of vehicles plying to the course.

When the press was thickest an exciting accident took place, the consequences of which were, fortunately, not so serious as might have been expected.

Frightened by the train, a cabhorse bolted from the railway terminus, dashing through the press of traffic at a terrific pace.

The driver was thrown from his seat, and had to be taken to the Windsor infirmary, but the horse was stopped in High-street without doing any further damage.

The royal procession of eight carriages left Windsor Castle shortly after midday, and within the next hour the streets of Windsor resumed something like their normal appearance.

SPECIAL POLICE COURT.

Curious Pre-Victorian Custom of Dealing with Course Offenders.

In accordance with a time-honoured custom, Sir Albert De Rutzen transferred his official duties from Bow-street to Ascot yesterday.

His court is situated behind the royal stand, and racecourse offenders are haled before him and promptly dealt with.

This custom has its origin with William IV., at whom a large stone was once thrown as he rode to the races.

The King thereupon requested that the chief magistrate of the metropolis should always sit at Ascot when the Sovereign is present there.

To this custom is due the curious circumstance that the death of Sir Thomas Henry, a well-known Bow-street magistrate, occurred in the grand stand at Ascot.

PAUPER DIED AFTER SERMON.

An inmate of the Shoreditch Workhouse, John Whitcombe, seventy-two years of age, attended a mission service on Sunday evening last when he was suddenly taken ill and died from heart failure.

Coroner (to fellow-inmate): Was there anything to bring it on?

Inmate: No, unless it was the missionary preaching. But he generally cheers us up.

VEGETARIAN EPICURES.

How the Various Sects Will Dine at the Holborn To-night.

Vegetarians will dine together at the Holborn Restaurant to-night on the occasion of the International Congress of the Vegetarian Federal Union.

The chef-de-cuisine is said to have risen nobly to the occasion, and, although fettered by innumerable instructions as to what he may use and what he must avoid, he has prepared a banquet that any mere meat-eater would desire.

He has even surmounted the difficulties provided by the vegetarian sect known as Wallacites, who must have a separate table and exclusive dishes.

The *Daily Mirror* was informed yesterday at the headquarters of the sect that Wallacites will not eat salt, nor will they touch bread that has been prepared with yeast.

Another sect that will require peculiar and tender care are the followers of Dr. Haig. Haigites will not eat peas or beans.

In the contest as to which sect can adopt the most restricted diet the Haigites, at present, are easily first.

But followers of Dr. Allinson, who will not even drink tea, preferring a solution of various dried cereals, run the gamut very closely.

At the Memorial Hall during the congress there will be an exhibition of vegetarian foods of infinite variety.

YIDDISH DRAMA.

Interesting Season by a Versatile Company at the Standard Theatre.

This week the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, is crowded with the inhabitants of the Ghetto, who throng thither to watch a series of performances played in their peculiar nongrammatical dialect, commonly known as Yiddish.

These plays are written by Yiddish authors and performed by a Yiddish company in Yiddish. Judging from their titles they are of a singularly sensational character.

"Bavochba," "The Son of the Star," "The Second Samson," "The Return to Zion," and "Captain Dreyfus" are amongst the plays included in the repertoire.

That the company is possessed of a diversity of talent is testified to by the fact that during the week they will play operetta, historical opera, melodrama, and military drama.

GROWTH OF COAL OUTPUT.

Slight Decrease Last Year in the Number of Miners Killed by Accidents.

According to the Mines and Quarries Report for 1904, the total output of coal during the year was 232,428,272 tons, which is an increase of 2,093,893 tons on that of the previous year.

As there are 681,893 persons employed underground in the 3,333 mines under the Coal Mines Act, this total represents an average output of 361 tons per person employed.

Cardiff supplies the largest increase of output, having supplied 834,825 tons of coal more than in the previous year.

In the coal mines there were during the year, 1,017 separate fatal accidents, resulting in 1,055 deaths. This is a decrease of seventeen in the number of deaths as compared with the previous year.

TRIPLE MURDER CHARGES.

Extradition to Paris of Men Accused of Many Sordid Crimes.

In a few days Sauzat, nicknamed "Broche," and Thiorot, or "Binelard," who are still under remand in London, charged with the dastardly murder of Mme. Laurent, "Mere La Frite," the old woman of the Rue Honidin, will be taken to Paris to stand their trial.

They will also be accused of two other murders, namely, of Mme. Berthe, aged seventy-eight, of the Rue Caumartin, and M. Planet, of Colombes.

Mme. Berthe was found dead on January 22, but the circumstances of her death, pointed to natural causes, and such was the medical verdict.

However, the circumstances which attended the deaths of Mme. Laurent and M. Planet—the former of whom was stifled with a dish-cloth, the latter with a nightcap—drew the attention of the Paris police to the fact that Mme. Berthe was stifled by a pair of mittens and a sock.

Consequently, the "Stiffers of Montmartre" will be charged with these further crimes.

£500 FOR EACH SERVANT.

Miss Caroline Mary King, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died worth £35,050, made many bequests to servants.

She left £500 to each servant who had been with her twenty years; £300 to each who had served her ten years; and £100 to those who had been in her employment five years.

CUPID AND THE BRASS DRUM.

Amusing Story of a Musical Courtship with "Honey."

"NUNKY" THE BEE.

A brass drum, an elegant brass drum, such as ladies play upon, was intimately mixed up in a breach of promise case with which Mr. Justice Phillimore began his Trinity term's work yesterday.

One beautiful evening in July, 1902, Miss Fanny Yorke Robinson, who when in London lives at Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush, was promenading on the pier at Ryde.

Her presence in the regatta town was accounted for by the fact that she was a member of a ladies' Hungarian orchestra giving concerts there. In the orchestra she played the brass drum.

Suddenly a gentleman approached her. Lifting his hat, he said with the most deferential politeness: "Excuse me, but could you tell me where you got your drum? I should like one like it, for I, too, play the brass drum."

The gentleman was no less a person than Mr. Godfrey Charles Holbech, noted in the Hungarian and Viennese band world in connection with drums and his proprietorship of "the White Austrian," "the Red Austrian," and other orchestras.

Chat About Drums.

To him, as being a fellow musician, Miss Robinson had no hesitation in imparting the requested information, and in the course of a stroll on the pier a charming chat about drums, the beautiful instruments on which they both played, took place.

Thus were two hearts bound together by a drum, since out of that chance meeting an affection that ended in an engagement, so Miss Robinson declares, sprang up.

At first Miss Robinson professed coolness towards her admirer's advances, but when he waited outside her door in a dog-cart to take her for drives she felt that she could not refuse to accompany him. She soon came to call him "Nunky," which is short for uncle, and when he proposed, as she says, a few months later, she accepted him.

The Honey and the Bee.

When Mr. Holbech made a present he attached to it the beautiful motto, "A little honey from the working bee to the holiday bee."

He took Miss Robinson out for drives, and after they left Ryde called repeatedly at her mother's house.

His first love-letter said:—

Dear Little Woman,—Here am I, back in noisy old London. Both boat and train were crowded with luggage and babies and all sorts and conditions of people.

What a nice day we had on Monday. I wore your rose to-day and took it to bed with me.—Your affectionate, Nunky.

Another letter said:—

Many thanks for your nice letter, which is just like you. Cheer up.—Your affectionate old Nunky.

And another:—

Dear little woman,—Why don't you come and join the chorus? I would see you home every night.—Your affectionate NUNKY.

Choice Extracts and Crosses.

"These are only extracts that I am reading," said Lord Coleridge, and then he read a choice extract:—

"Did the kitten cry when you left? No; she is too young and frivolous to understand."

You should be careful not to catch cold in these draughty places. Put plenty of under-clothing on underneath."

The choicest extract of all referred to "sea breezes and something else on the top of them."

Counsel said that these "something else" were represented by crosses, the meaning of which he did not understand.

Mr. Holbech got more poetical as the correspondence went on. An elegant extract was:—

Thank you for your nice letter. It is very sweet of you to send me the red lamp-shade, and when I get under it I shall imagine that I get rays of sunshine. I don't know how I got home. I felt stunned, but I am glad I did not give way before that horrid landlady. You have done everything you could to make me care for you, and now you throw my love back in my face. . . .

One unfortunate evening the working bee was abrupt and unkind to the holiday bee, and the holiday bee wrote in these pathetic terms:—

Dear Nunky,—I am writing to you for the last time, enclosing the 10s. you lent me yesterday. I am very ill. I don't know how I got home. I felt stunned, but I am glad I did not give way before that horrid landlady. You have done everything you could to make me care for you, and now you throw my love back in my face. . . .

You have played with me like a cat with some wretched bird. Don't you think I have

had enough trouble, or do you want to drive me mad?

Will you send my poor photos back? Also, please send back my poor old brass drum. It and I will go out into the world once more. I cannot say my prayers; when I shut my eyes I seem to feel that death is in the air all around me.

Pray for me—poor me.

The picture of the holiday bee going out into the world once more with her poor old brass drum made the working bee repent.

Nunky wrote back hurriedly:—

My Dearest Dearest Best,—Please, please forgive and try to forget. I know I am a horrid, selfish, miserable, calculating old bachelor, but did not realise what I was doing last Friday. Your letter has upset me terribly.

I would not hurt a hair of your head. One thing I am sure of, that I love you and you love me.

Miss Robinson accepted the explanation. "God is good, is He not, dear?" she wrote. "I feel so proud of my ring. I have looked at it from all sorts of positions."

Awoke with Black Doubt.

But soon afterwards he was again abrupt. He asked the holiday bee to see him off by train. As the train moved away he handed her a letter which said:—

I woke with a horrid dreadful feeling. Dreadful, black, doubt seemed to hang around me. I seemed to see what was in the future. By degrees a slight jar would come, and then another, and so on until we were both miserable.

Anything is better than that you should suffer afterwards. I would gladly die with your dear face looking into mine. I shall never love anybody as I love you. You will, I suppose, hate me, and although I deserve punishment for stealing your love, I want you to forgive me.

If some day you can forgive your poor old Nunky, he will always be your friend. . . . Oh, why is one allowed to love? . . . I feel certain that our natures were not made for one another.

There was an important postscript: "Your brass drum I will send on at once."

The holiday bee answered that this showed her that the working bee did not really care for her. It is claimed that by this answer she agreed to break off the match.

But a friendly acquaintance between the two bees continued, and there was a correspondence of an affectionate nature about drums, until Miss Robinson determined to bring a breach of promise action.

In counsel's opening statement it was said that Mr. Holbech was "at Eton from 1877 till 1881."

The case was adjourned.

ALGERIAN TRAGEDY.

Four Oriental Hawkers Charged with Murdering a Fellow Countryman.

Four bewildered-looking Algerians stood yesterday in the dock of the little police court at Tenterden, charged with the murder of a fellow-countryman—Hadjin Idder—whose body was found in Church Fields on Sunday afternoon.

For some time the Algerian band, which originally numbered five, had been familiar in the district, as they hawked their Oriental wares from place to place.

Thus graphically Constable Brian described what he saw in Church Fields:—"There, with face turned up to the sky, was Hadjin Idder, with his head almost cut off, his skull fractured, and stabbed all over the body."

Four shillings were found on the body of the man, who was known to have sold £2 worth of rugs at one place on Friday night.

There had been a quarrel, and a blood-stained stick was produced in court. The Algerians were all remanded for a week.

WENT TO BED IN THE ROAD.

Somnolent Stranger Does Not Know Who He Is or Where He Comes From.

A white-haired old man, whose identity is still a matter of mystery, has just been responsible for eccentric conduct in a road in Keyworth, near Nottingham.

Taking off his trousers, he walked a few yards, stretched himself in the road, and went fast asleep, evidently under the belief that he was in bed.

Some passing cyclists, who woke him, questioned the man, but found his mind was an absolute blank. He knew neither his name nor the place of his abode. He was removed to Bingham Workhouse.

NAVAL OFFICER FIRED AT.

At Devonport a marine and a naval domestic of H.M.S. Impregnable are under arrest in connection with the case in which a shot was fired at an officer who was putting off to his ship.

TWOPENCE OFF TEA.

Reduced Duty Comes Into Force on

July 1.

36,000,000LB. IN BOND.

Mining-lane and all who are connected with the tea trade are in a state of ferment, which continues to increase as the night of June 30 draws near.

At midnight of that date the reduction on the tea duty of 2d. in the lb. will come into force, and gigantic preparations are being made to deal with the situation.

When it is remembered that up to June 18 the clearances of tea from bond in London were no less than 36,000,000lb. below the figures on the same day last year, it will be seen that on July 1 nearly two months' work has to be accomplished to restore the balance.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has shown again that he is possessed of practical business capacity. Foreseeing the enormous rush that will undoubtedly occur, he has approved of no fewer than thirty temporary warehouses at great railway stations in different parts of the country. To these warehouses tea is allowed to be removed under bond now, and will be delivered from them on July 1 on payment of the duty to the officer in charge.

Furthermore, nearly two hundred minor stations where Indian Revenue officers can attend have been notified to offer similar facilities on application.

Such facilities as these are unprecedented, and clearly point to the immensity of the transactions anticipated.

Plans for Distribution.

June 30 being the King's birthday, it is customary for the principal wharves to close and give their waiting vans a holiday. Though the wharves may ostensibly close, it is probable that all will be working at fever-heat within making arrangements to have everything shipshape when the magic hour of midnight strikes.

Then from wharf and warehouse millions of pounds of tea will be swiftly conveyed by the waiting vans to the stations, and thence by special trains will be hurried forth into all corners of the land.

Saturday is the chief marketing day in all the little villages, and great will be Mr. Jones's chagrin if Mr. Brown has been able to obtain the cheap tea and can sell it at a profit with "2d. off the pound," whilst he must either sacrifice his 2d. or lose his customers for that day.

To guard against such a mishap, the great wholesale dealers are straining every nerve, and, aided by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it appears that each and all will obtain their tea 2d. a pound cheaper on July 1.

So great is the demand that the wholesale firms are even now working until ten o'clock at night, though July 1 is nearly a fortnight off.

WIFE'S STRANGE STORY.

Husband Admits Bigamy with a Well-Known Music Hall Artist.

A peculiar story was told in the Divorce Court yesterday by Mrs. Amy Gertrude Ward in support of her petition against her husband, whom she married at Prestwich, Lancashire, in 1892.

After various acts of misconduct, she found, she said, that her husband had gone through a bigamous marriage with Miss Maggie Duggan, the well-known burlesque and variety artist. While Miss Duggan was performing at the Tivoli Music Hall, Manchester, the petitioner had her watched, and it was discovered that she and Mr. Ward were living together as man and wife.

When the papers in this case were served the husband admitted the bigamous marriage, but said that at the time he went through the ceremony with Miss Duggan he was under the impression that his wife was dead.

A decree nisi with costs was granted.

PLEA OF GUILTY HIS BEST EXCUSE.

When Robert Frederick Stanbridge, painter, of Walton, pleaded not guilty at Kingston to a charge of stealing a bicycle, he was committed for trial. But when he changed his mind and pleaded guilty, in consideration of his good character the Bench changed their minds and merely bound him over.

SCPTICAL OF CIVILISATION.

"I don't believe in civilisation at all," said a man, who pleaded guilty to stealing two vests, at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday. "There are thousands of you trying to reform people, but you can't do it."

"That's true in your case," remarked the Judge quietly, as he imposed eighteen months' hard labour.

WIFE AND GUEST.

Riverside Declaration of Love for Her Husband's Friend.

Believing that his wife was receiving too many letters from Captain Cecil William Wilson, a friend of the family, Mr. Algernon Seymour Bernard Oakley, of Barrington Grove, Gloucestershire, intercepted the correspondence, and this was the initiation of inquiries which resulted in the husband obtaining, in the Divorce Court yesterday, a decree nisi.

Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, who were very fond of outdoor sports, lived happily together for some time, and frequently Captain Wilson was their guest.

At first, when the husband stopped the letters, he locked them unopened in his safe. The climax came when his wife asked to be allowed to go to town to buy a hat. This, Mr. Oakley believed, corresponded with the date of the captain's departure for Malta.

He refused to let her go, and, walking with her by the riverside at night, told her about the letters. "There is nothing in them," she exclaimed passionately. "You know that I always loved him and hated you." She then went back to her bedroom, where he found her crying.

Among the letters was one which ran:—

My Dearest Win.—I have got all your letters all right, and simply love getting them. With all my love, ever yours.

These facts, with the evidence of the servants, led to the result reported above.

HERMIT OF THE SANDS.

Curious Mode of Life Selected by a Young Welsh Woman.

A curious mode of life is alleged against Mary Dorman, who has just failed to substantiate a charge of assault which she brought against her husband in the Aberavon County Police Court.

She appeared in the court smartly dressed, and said she had been parted from her husband since July.

It was true, she said, that she lived on the sands. Asked why, she replied, "I have no other place to go to."

For the husband, Mr. Trevor Hunter argued that the young woman was of a peculiar temperament, hysterical, and liable to imagine all sorts of things. She had lived for some time in a hole on the sands.

The case was dismissed.

THRILLING ROOF STRUGGLE.

Delirious Drunkard Named Snowball Bombed a Crowd with Bricks.

Everybody who saw the conduct of Thomas Snowball on the roof of a house in East Cross-street, Sunderland, the other day, thought he must be insane.

From his lofty altitude he commenced throwing bricks at people below. Matters became so serious that a plucky constable climbed up to Snowball's temporary fort.

Here the two men had a desperate struggle, but finally Snowball was overcome and taken to the police station. Here he was medically examined and found to be quite sane.

When brought before the magistrates he said that he had an attack of "horrors" after drinking. He was let off by paying a doctor's fee of 2s.

NINE MONTHS' TASK.

Competitor Claims Compensation for Time Expended on Solving Picture Puzzles.

An Ealing lady who failed to win 5s. a day for life as a prize for guessing picture puzzles has sought legal remedy in Mr. Justice Wille's Court.

Her name is Mrs. Margaret Chebov, and for four hours every day, she says, for nine months the devised solutions of puzzles appearing in the "Royal Magazine," having received hundreds of times to dictionaries and encyclopedias.

But when the prize was awarded, to her dismay she found that another had carried it off.

The unsuccessful guesser claims damages for the time she has wasted and for breach of contract.

The case will be resumed to-day.

"BLACK CAT" FINED A SHILLING.

The machinery of the law was put into operation against "a black cat" at the City Summons Court yesterday, and a fine of 1s. and costs imposed.

The "cat" turned out to be Henry Nash, of Solon-road, disguised, who was parading the streets in this "character" and a carriage for advertising purposes without permission of the Commissioner of Police.

GOOD FINISHES IN STORE TO-DAY.

Rain Makes Cricket Uneven—
Another Probable Victory
for Lancashire.

HUGE SCORE BY C. B. FRY.

By F. B. WILSON,
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

Yesterday's cricket, in spite of rain almost all over the country, was of no little interest of a second-rate description. I say second-rate advisedly, as the Australians were having an easy job over in Dublin, and the county championship, until Lancashire get beaten a brace of times, is a gift for one. That one is Lancashire, who yesterday showed Somerset in the cart to such an extent that, bar rain, the Southerners are morally certain of a defeat.

There was rain, of course, at Lord's, which curtailed play, and moreover made it uneven. Surrey started pretty well yesterday with Hobbs, 17—he was out hit-wicket, a manner of corpising oneself seen in first-class cricket only about three times a year—Hayward 20, and Hayes 46.

Then play was slow, and wickets fell, but Davis played finely for 53. The total finally ended at 195, so that Middlesex had 290 to get to win, a pretty difficult task on Lord's as the ground has played this year. They made a good start, and Warner and Douglas made 65 for no wicket before the close.

Kent dismissed Fry for 9 on Monday, but yesterday that great batsman made amends for his failure by getting 175. When Fry is in form the side generally follows suit, and so well did they play that at the close they had scored 328 for four wickets.

KENT'S ONLY HOPE.

Kent, who were 127 behind on the first innings, can only hope for rain.

Leicestershire went for the bowling when play was practicable at Southampton, at 1.15, and, after making 467 for seven, declared the innings shut. Hampshire lost eight for 164, Spurt making a good 70 and Llewellyn getting 47. Hants look like going through trouble to-day.

Northampton and Derby are playing out a game of great interest. Derby headed their opponents by 17 on the first innings, and then Northampton reached the 100 for the loss of six wickets. With all the recent rain the wicket may play many monkey tricks to-day, and the finish of the match may be great.

Oxford have put up an inferior show against Warwick to that shown by the Cantabs last week. Set 176 to save the innings defeat, they started very badly. G. N. Foster came to the rescue, and then the 'Varsity battled much better, but Warwick are in such a strong position that they should win easily to-day.

The features of the day's play at the Crystal Palace yesterday were a fine 89 by Jessop, who returned to form in no uncertain manner, and the bowling of Napier, who, however, has slightly strained his right arm. The Cantabs looked at one time like winning by an innings, but Weigall and Kenward made a most useful partnership, both playing very well.

Very little play was possible at Sheffield owing to rain. In what little there was Yorkshire raised their score from 96 for one to 179 for six, thus making themselves 118 ahead with four wickets in hand. Wilkinson made 81, Denton 61, and Hirst 21 not out. F. B. WILSON.

KNIVES AND HATPINS.

Yet Another Case of Dastardly Hooliganism
in Clerkenwell.

Is Clerkenwell never to be rid of hooliganism?

At the police court yesterday two brothers—William Sewell, twenty-nine, of Denmark-road, Barnsbury, and Edward Sewell, twenty-two, of Rockville-street, Islington—were remanded on a charge of wounding Henry Grady, who was too ill to appear.

George Vince, a meat porter, said he heard one of the prisoners say: "We had better do the same as the brothers Stratton. We are brothers, and we must do something for the Chapel-street boys."

They then quarrelled with Grady, who was stabbed five times in the back. Vince went to Grady's aid, and was set upon by two women with hatpins.

RETIRED—TO PRISON.

"At Westminster" was the reply of a hawker charged at Chiswick yesterday with drunkenness, when asked where he lived.

"Had not you better leave here and retire to Westminster?" suggested the magistrate. "Yes." "Very well, then, pay 2s. 6d." "But I haven't a penny." "Oh, then, it will do you good to go to prison for five days."

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Tiverton Infirmary is benefiting to the extent of 4100 as a result of a libel upon Sir Edwin Dunning which recently appeared in a Cape Town publication.

Ulverston parish church bellringers have gone on strike owing to an intimation that their fees are to be reduced after next Sunday.

Many orders for motor-omnibuses have just been received by a Coventry firm from Scotland, India, and elsewhere.

Depressed because he had broken his cork leg and was too poor to buy a new one, a Huddersfield labourer attempted suicide.

Five thousand pounds has been presented by an anonymous philanthropist to the Bermondsey Wesleyans for the erection of a shelter with fifty beds for homeless girls in the district.

Lord Cromer yesterday received the honorary degree of LL.D. at Cambridge University, the Public Orator describing him as a Minister of peace, who, to England and Egypt alike, was a pillar of strength.

An East Dulwich gentleman addressed a telegram "Unterschwänigen, near Wassertrudingen, Bavaria." An hour later it was returned to him from the General Post Office for the addition of the word "Germany."

Free bathing tickets are offered by the Coventry Corporation Baths Committee as an encouragement to children to learn to swim. The Education Committee has arranged for a number of the teachers to give their scholars regular lessons in the art of swimming.

As an excuse for his non-appearance at Southport Police Court a defendant sent word that he was deaf and could not hear if he did come.

In the presence of a distinguished company yesterday the Duchess of Albany laid the foundation-stone of the Moulton Memorial Chapel at Leys School, Cambridge.

Only just in time an officer prevented the prosecutrix in an assault case at Tower Bridge yesterday from disrobing in order, as she said, that the magistrate might examine her ribs.

For the first time in fifty-odd years contract-holders on the Bowdon line to Manchester were required yesterday to present tickets before entering the platforms at Altrincham, Sale, and Oxford-road.

Tons of earth have broken away from the cliffs on the north of the boundary of Blackpool, at a point where the sea has made great inroads. The edge of the cliffs is now within a few yards of a farm, which at one time was a considerable distance inland.

AMERICAN ROWING TEAM AT HENLEY.



The Vesper (Philadelphia) crew which has entered for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. They are a fine, athletic body of men, averaging twelve stone in weight, but old rowing men who have been watching them at practice do not think there is any great danger that they will carry the Cup to America.

On the Horse Guards' Parade yesterday a full rehearsal of the trooping of the colour by the Grenadier Guards took place.

Grimsby bookmakers have fallen on evil times. Some of them have had to give up business altogether owing to their clients backing too many winners.

Sentence of eighteen months' hard labour was passed at Chelmsford yesterday upon William Henry Palmer, formerly headmaster of Park-lane Schools, Hornchurch, for impropriety with boys under his care.

Although only fourteen, George Barnard was charged at Birkenhead with beating his widowed mother. "He treats me and his sisters most cruelly," said the poor woman. Barnard was sent for four years to a reformatory.

William Austin, an Army pensioner, remanded at West London yesterday on a charge of stealing knives and forks from a refreshment room at Earl's Court Exhibition, was said to have taken part in the relief of Ladysmith.

Arthur John Heal, aged twenty-four, gasfitter, was hanged at Wandsworth Prison yesterday for the murder of his sweetheart, Maria Goodspeed, at Camberwell. While awaiting his execution Heal occupied the cell in which Alfred Stratton, one of the murderers of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow at Deptford, in March last, was confined.

After being in disuse for many years, the old library on the south side of the nave of York Minster has been restored and re-opened.

During a golf match on the Earlswood links, Redhill, a player drove a ball into some gorse. The ball was found in a bird's nest containing three eggs, two of which were broken.

Caught by a down express, an unknown man who was walking along the railway line near Horley, Surrey, yesterday, was thrown a distance of thirty feet and instantly killed.

Intricacies of the starting-box of a motor-car were explained in Shorelitch County Court yesterday to Judge Smyly, who left the Bench and took a seat in the well of the court in order to have a clear view.

Pursued by a constable, a supposed thief ran through the Huddersfield Railway Station and into the Springwood tunnel. For fifty yards the policeman followed, and then lost him in the darkness.

Extraordinary facts were disclosed at a Leigh (Lancs) inquest. Left suspended in a cage in the middle of a coalpit for twenty minutes, a man named Stow, unable to bear the heat, chalked a last message on the cage, and then attempted to save himself. He was unsuccessful, and fell to the bottom of the shaft, a depth of over two hundred yards.

PARIS STILL PESSIMISTIC.

Awaiting Clear-up of the Political
Situation.

HOME RAILS IMPROVE.

CAPET COURT, Tuesday Evening. — After Morocco and Manchuria, Ascot. In fact, nowadays stock market commentaries are mainly concerned with providing reasons for the slackness of business and the depression observable in consequence in several sections.

To-day the effect of the very favourable allotment of Treasury bills yesterday was seen in the gilt-edged market. The tendency was firm in consequence. But whereas yesterday we were all congratulating ourselves that the Paris gold demand had ceased, to-day there was just a trifling revival of the inquiry. However, it did not amount to much, and on the whole the political news was read more favourably, but Ascot stopped the business.

Consols have been as good as 90 9/16. They went to 90 1/2, and closed 90 1/4, and so are 3-16 better for the day. Quite the feature at the moment is the little rush of new issue of 4 per cent. debentures in various concerns.

EXPECTATIONS OF DIVIDENDS.

Yesterday we had to notice the improved tendency observable in the Home Railway market, which was the more noticeable owing to the absolutely idle and depressing circumstances of this section for some time past. To-day there is happily a somewhat similar state of affairs to record.

The market is showing a little more backbone, and evidently the approach of the dividend season and the knowledge that the large amounts of dividend money to be released next month, some of which will find its way into this section for investment, had something to do with the improving tendency. The traffics published to-day were not particularly illuminating or encouraging, but the market seemed satisfied with them, and rallied Great Easterns, for instance, on what after all was not much of an increase.

There were not so many sensational movements as usual in Foreign Rails. Antofagasta, after their extraordinary rise, were a little inclined to droop. But the Cuban group kept firm, and Cuban Centrals were supported at 6 1/2. After yesterday's depression the Argentine Railway market was inclined to rally. This was because better news had been received to the effect that the floods were subsiding.

WAR BONDS STEADY.

Paris seems still just a little pessimistic, and most of its favourite securities, like Spanish, Rio Tintos, and Turks, were inclined to fall back. Evidently the Bourse wants the political situation cleared up before doing anything. The South American group of securities seems firm, and the war bonds are fairly steady, the Japanese scrip being 3 1/2 premium.

Miscellaneous securities were not at all interesting. A few Nitrate shares kept firm on the prospective renewal of the combination. Some of the banking shares were good, notably Hong Kong and Shanghai and Bank of New South Wales. The spurt in English Sewing Cotton yesterday found a reflection in a sober upward movement of 4 1/2 in the heavy-priced Cottons Preferences. There seems a little more doing in armament shares, like Vickers.

Kiliffs started badly. At one time, indeed, there seemed quite a symptom of ugly pressure. Chartered, for instance, were got below 2. De Beers were sold from Paris. But at the finish the tendency was better. There was an easier West Australian market all round, with Bellevue among the low-priced lot flat at 2s. 6d. on whispers about capital requirements. West Africans and other mining sections were hopeless, except that in the former there seemed just a little inquiry for Broommassies.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILLIONAIRE (Quarrelsome): We regret that there is neither price nor market for the Stock Exchange for your shares—OUTSIDE BROKER. (Specious): We certainly do not advise you to deal with Henderson and Co.—ERV AND CO. (Jap): We cannot advise you to deal with the firm mentioned—GRAND TRUNK WESTERN (E. L.): High enough.

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THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

WHEN we unscientific people read that the "origin of life" has been discovered, we demand immediate demonstration. We expect to be able to go to the Hippodrome next week and see an artificial man. If we cannot do that, we dismiss the subject as one outside our practical range, one which can only interest snuffy old fellows in skull-caps and spectacles.

The young Cambridge physicist who is the latest worker to be credited with having hit upon the vital principle (these "discoveries" generally come from America), has offered an unintentional, but none the less a crushing, rebuke to this "hustling," materialist frame of mind.

He talks about the results of his research in a very modest tone. He may have found out something useful, he says. He has cultivated from inorganic matter growths which "suggest vitality." But he is under no illusions as to the length of time which must elapse before his suggestions can be verified.

He is going to fill some test-tubes and to leave them to the British Museum with instructions that they shall be opened "at intervals ranging, say, from hundreds to thousands of years. If the problem has not been solved before then—they may be useful." He might have added—"and if the Museum lasts as long as that!"

That is the true scientific spirit—and how rarely we find it nowadays. Most people cannot project their imagination further than their own lifetime. They are like the Mr. Morris in one of H. G. Wells's stories, who "took no interest in the future of mankind at all: he had grave doubts, indeed, if there was any future for mankind after he was dead."

It is this impatient spirit, this feeling that nothing is worth attempting unless we can finish it in a few years, that is one of the great dangers of the present age. Take, for example, the problem of checking the deterioration of the race which results from overcrowding in huge cities. That is a problem which must be approached in the scientific spirit if any good is to be done.

Suppose we adopt the proposals set out in Mr. Rider Haggard's very important and interesting report, just published. It will take a long time to select and settle on the land, in this country and in Canada and in South Africa, the hundreds of thousands of families which have no chance of developing healthily and happily under our present conditions.

It will be two or three generations probably before the seeds of betterment begin to bear fruit. For the men and women of to-day we can hope to do very little. It is their children and the children of those children who will benefit, and restore to the British race the vigour it has lost.

Wisely Mr. Haggard and the Canadian Government propose to begin on a small scale at first. It may not seem more than nibbling at a mountain to give a fresh start to 1,500 families at a cost of £300,000. But, assuming that a fair proportion of these settlers are successful in their new homes, the work can then be continued as fast and as long as may be necessary.

The great thing is to get it started, and to realise that we are "laying great bases" for the future, not merely running up a jerry-built structure for the purposes of the hour. In that spirit, the truly scientific spirit, we may accomplish great things. And the sooner we begin, the better, for the Problem of the Poor grows more pressing every day.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

More is to be learnt from the follies of the wise than from the common sense of fools.—L. A. Tollemache.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

It is just announced that the King will stay with Lord Redesdale at Batsford Park, Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucester, on July 8. The visit will be quite a private one, and will probably only last a day and night. Lord Redesdale is one of the finest amateur gardeners in England. At Batsford Park the gardens are perfectly beautiful and arranged in a most artistic fashion. Here may be seen specimens of many foreign plants which are not known elsewhere in England, and particularly a very large collection of Japanese dwarf trees. It is said that Lord Redesdale is responsible for the laying-out of the grounds in front of Buckingham Palace which have been so much admired this season.

It was certainly he who was appointed by the King to superintend the important plantings which have been going on in the Windsor Parks, and also to assist in the new arrangement of the Mall. His taste in gardens is a little Oriental, as becomes the author of "Tales of Old Japan." When he wrote that beautiful book he was Mr. Freeman-Mitford, and held an important diplomatic position at the Japanese Court. The first Lord Redesdale, a curious, old-fashioned little man who was Chair-

sitting quietly writing in the Chief Transport Officer's room at Cape Town a self-satisfied person pounded in with a great noise.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Sir Edward. "I am Colonel —," said the intruder. "Dear me, dear me," said Sir Edward, "I thought you were an admiral." Similarly, when he was interrupted a few days later by someone who wanted to be "attended to," "I beg your pardon, sir, I don't know what you mean." "Then go to the deuce," said the bluff seaman, without raising his eyes from the paper. At last inquirers became so importunate that Sir Edward posted this notice on his door: "This is the office of the Chief Transport Officer, and not a general inquiry office."

The examination season is now nearly over at Oxford and Cambridge, and desperate undergraduates who have been endeavouring to make up for the lack of knowledge by the power of invention, as well as those who really know their subjects, will be delighted to escape from the "schools." The most amusing part of the Oxford examinations is the viva voce trial, which the trembling candidate attends in the traditional black coat and white tie. I remember being told that poor Oscar Wilde, who was at Magdalen, was asked in his trial to translate a page or two of the Greek Testament, which the examiner suspected he

his family. His mother, who was a daughter of the first Lord Kilmorey, lived to be ninety-eight years old. Sir George's memories of the Crimea are now as vivid as though he had fought there only yesterday. One of the most moving of his stories concerns a servant he had, named Clarke, who was twitted by his comrades for not going under fire, because his position did not actually demand it.

One night, just as his master was going into the trenches for thirty-six hours' work, Clarke came to him and said, "I should like, sir, to bring you your breakfast to-morrow morning." Sir George pointed out that it would be impossible to bring it to him, "I will manage somehow," said the man. And, sure enough, next morning, in the grey daylight, Clarke was seen carrying a tray with coffee and bread upon it across the open plain, under a hail of bullets from the enemy. No one ever said that he was afraid of fire again.

Mrs. Wilfred Ashley is one of the most important hostesses of next week, and she is giving a party at her house, 32, Bruton-street, when Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll will be the guest of honour. Amongst those entertaining Mrs. Ashley's guest are Signora Duse, Signor Bonci, and Signor Ancona, who this year is singing at the Waldorf Theatre. Mrs. Wilfred Ashley is the only child and heiress of Sir Ernest Cassel, and married Mr. Wilfred Ashley some few years ago. Mr. Ashley is in the Household Brigade, and popular alike with officers and men.

Baron and Baroness de Forest, who are staying at Kingswood, near Ascot, this week, will at the end of the London season return to the Austrian Tyrol, where Baron de Forest has a beautiful place called Eichorn, and here they will entertain many of their English friends throughout the autumn. Baroness de Forest is a sister of Lord Gerard. She is petite in figure, very pretty, and dresses with excellent taste.

It appears that Mme. Jeanne Granier, who has just arrived in London, will make her appearance only in a play by Maurice Donnay, the well-known author of "light" and yet pathetic comedies, this year. The censor, whom Mme. Granier, when she talks of him to English friends comically refers to as "your tiresome Mrs. Grundy," has forbidden the public production of the play in question, and Mme. Granier will therefore be obliged to produce it on some small hall in London, and will be unable to charge for the seats.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Rider Haggard.

THE public looks upon him as a novelist, and quite right, too, for he is an excellent one, but he is a good deal more, as his report for the Colonial Office on the subject of Salvation Army colonies and agriculture in general on the other side of the Atlantic proves.

The subject on which he is keenest is that of getting people "back to the land." He looks upon the rush to the towns as nothing less than race suicide, for four generations is the limit of family life in the towns.

"Live in the country and farm" is his solution of it all. And he puts it into practice himself. On his estate in Norfolk he farms on scientific principles, and shows every year what the farmer who followed his example might do.

But his open-air life does not only include farming. He has done a good deal of travelling, and his adventures have been by no means contemptible. Many of the stirring ones in his books are founded on his own experiences.

Seen tramping over his farm, he looks as little like an author as anyone well could do. Tall, broad-shouldered, bearded, with an absolute disregard of such things as mud and mire, he looks a farmer all over. And to hear him talk crops and roots, beasts, and other things, is enough to make one forget the fact that he is a novelist altogether.

Farmer or no farmer, his imagination is a thing to wonder at, as his books prove. Some of his candid friends tell him there are other signs of it, and that one is the letter he wrote to the "Times" on the subject of telepathy between himself and a dog.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 20.—The flowers of the edelweiss slowly rise. This pretty plant, well known to tourists, is easy to grow, and will even thrive near towns. But there is no need to risk one's life on an Alpine slope to obtain roots of it. An unromantic penny packet of seed will produce any number of the treasured plant.

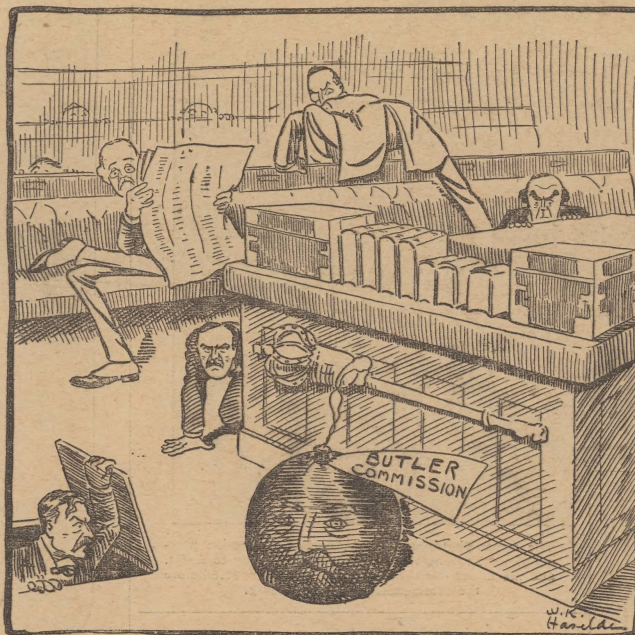
Gray galliardias have begun to bloom. Few flowers are brighter or more useful in the garden. From now until the frost comes they will open their buds.

The enormous flowers of the scarlet Oriental poppies are still a wonderful sight. Picked when the buds have just burst, they look splendid in a vase.

E. F. T.

A new number of Mr. E. Kay Robinson's delightful journal of outdoor life, the "Country-Side," is on sale to-day at all newsagents.

A BOMBHELL FOR THE GOVERNMENT.



The first duty of Parliament is to deal with the Butler report, which says that millions of pounds were wasted with the connivance of Army officials. The Government dodge the issue?

man of Committee in the House of Lords for many years, and who died without direct heirs at the age of eighty-one, bequeathed him his entire fortune. Then, in 1902, the title of Redesdale was renewed in Mr. Mitford's favour.

The announcement that the Duchess of Westminster is to give a ball at Grosvenor House next week has caused much pleasant anticipation in society, for a ball in this magnificent house is always a very important affair, and generally graced with the presence of royalty. On this occasion it is more than likely that the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family will be present. The Duke and Duchess have done a fair amount of entertaining since their marriage, and have already given two magnificent balls in Grosvenor House, whilst their entertainments at Eaton Hall have been plentiful and on a princely scale. Up in Scotland they entertain a series of guests during the autumn, and very good shooting is obtained there.

All his friends will be glad to see Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester back in London from Gibraltar for a short holiday. Like Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Edward is one of the really determined opponents of red-tape, pomposity, and "bunkeyism" in the public service. Several stories may be told to prove this. It was he who managed so admirably the naval transport of the South African War, and carried an army of 200,000 men for 5,000 miles without mistake. One day while he was

had not read very carefully. Accordingly he opened the book and began to translate the passage about St. Peter walking on the waters.

"That will do very nicely," said the examiner after he had beautifully rendered a verse or two. But Oscar raised his finger. "Hush!" he said. "I wish to see if the gentleman is drowned." One candidate, who knew nothing whatever about anything, was asked a simple question. He knew that his position was desperate, so he looked coldly at the questioner, said, "Do you take me for an encyclopedia?" and walked out of the room. Similarly, another candidate, after glancing at his English literature paper, which demanded information concerning such men as Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, wrote across the top of his sheet a single sentence: "I have never heard of any of these persons or their works."

Captain and Mrs. Greer (not Grier, as the name has been spelt in several papers), who are included amongst Prince and Princess Christian's guests at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Forest, this week, have a charming place on the Curragh, and here it is that Captain Greer trains the horses which always distinguish themselves on Irish racetracks.

Many congratulations to General Sir George Wentworth Haggison, that wonderful veteran of the Crimean war, who celebrates his sixty-ninth birthday to-day. Sir George may well expect to see many happy days, for longevity is a secret of

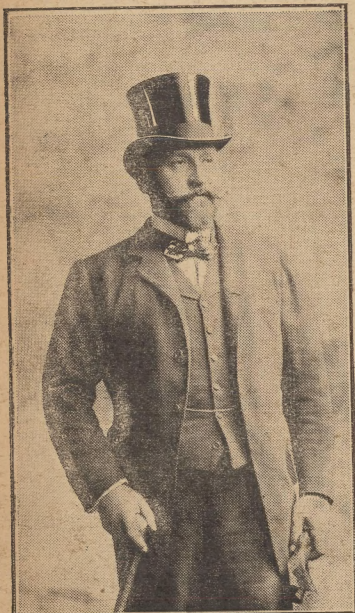
NEWS

by "Mirror"

ROYAL ASCOT.



ENTERTAINING THE KHEWIVE.



Sir Ernest Cassel, who is entertaining the Khedive of Egypt and his suite at Ascot Heath House for the royal race meeting.—(Lafayette.)

The upper photograph is of the royal procession passing along the Long Walk, Windsor, on its way to Ascot, and the under one shows the scene on the course before the commencement of the racing.



Mr. Guy Nickalls coaching Messrs. Thomas and Stewart, two members of the Leander eight, at Henley.

PRINCE & PRINCESS GU at SAIGHTON



An excellent snapshot of Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, near Saighton Towers, after morning walk. The Prince was wearing a pale blue tailor-made suit.

OARSMEN GETTING READY



The Vesper eight, the American crew who won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, carrying the trophy on the water.

STAVUS ADOLPHUS TOWERS



(Princess Margaret of Connaught), taken as they were leaving service on the first Sunday of their honeymoon. The Princess costume, with a white hat.

FOR HENLEY REGATTA.



They just come over to compete for the boat to the river for their first trial.



The Leander crew getting into form at Henley for the Grand Challenge Cup racing. Mr. Willis coaching Messrs. Etherington-Smith and Stewart.

A 8 DISASTER.



Rear-Admiral C. G. Robinson, president of the court-martial which assembled yesterday on the battleship Empress of India at Devonport to inquire into the fatal submarine disaster.—(Cribb.)

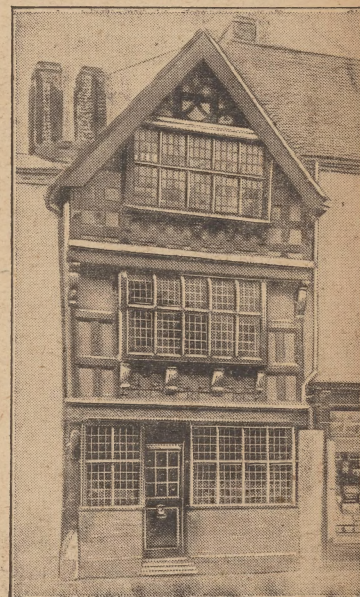
VIEWS Cameras

OTTER HUNTING.



Out with the Crowhurst Otter Hounds. No. 1 shows the huntsmen trying to unearth the otter, and No. 2 was photographed at the kill.

HISTORIC HOUSE.



The Harvard House, Stratford-on-Avon, to be sold to-day. It was built about 1540 by the father of Katherine Rogers, who married John Harvard. Their son went to America and became the founder of Harvard University.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Momentous Discovery That Radium Produces Living Matter.

OLD THEORIES DESTROYED.

Is radium the source of life? Has Mr. Burke, the young scientist, quietly and unobtrusively working in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, really discovered the origin of life?

That is the question which is agitating not only the world of science, but the general public at the present moment.

It certainly looks as though he had. And if he has done so, he has upset a theory to which scientific investigators have pinned their faith for years—that life cannot be spontaneously produced, and that living matter can only be produced from living matter.

In unscientific language, this is what he has done. He took test-tubes of beef bouillon—the regular medium for the cultivation of bacteria—and sterilised them by heat; that is to say, he raised them above boiling point, which is sufficient to destroy all existing life.

CREATIVE FORCE OF RADIUM.

Tubes which have been treated in this way will "keep" indefinitely so long as they are excluded from other living organisms. Should they be exposed to air in which bacteria exist, however, they are soon covered with a living growth.

It is on this fact that scientists have based their theory that life is not spontaneously produced. Life has not appeared unless life has existed to give it birth.

But Mr. Burke added radium to some of his tubes before he sterilised them. Soon a strange thing happened. Though the tubes without the radium showed no signs of a growth and so proved that the experiment had been properly carried out, those that contained radium developed a growth just as though the beef bouillon had been inoculated with living bacteria.

That is the essence of the whole thing. The radium produced living organisms.

THE MYSTERIOUS GROWTH.

It is admitted that there was at first some slight doubt as to whether this growth under the influence of radium was living matter. It might possibly have been crystalline, for crystals do grow, but that theory has now been set aside for a number of reasons of a scientific nature which are too technical to be discussed here.

Another thing is certain, that the growth is not ordinary bacteria, but that it unquestionably has the essential property of life-reproduction, for when it is removed from the radium tubes in which it is spontaneously generated it continues this reproduction and growth.

But what does all this prove? Principally it goes to prove that scientists have been making a great mistake on the subject of "life" for a great many years. Next it goes to prove that radium is more than ever a mystery.

In the dim ages of the world, when the world was a molten mass and streams of blazing lava flowed upon its surface, life could not have existed.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a spleen of the new woman, and brought up at the training stables of Jor Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

E. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mr. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

LILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The limp body fell in a huddled heap on the ground at Arthur Merrick's feet.

In an instant he was on his knees beside Hilary, unbuttoning his jacket and vest and loosening his collar. But Dolores stood rigid, like a stone figure, looking down on the white, distorted face of her husband coldly and clearly outlined by the moon; she stood rigid and motionless, holding her breath.

Merrick laid his hand on Hilary's breast and felt for the beating of his heart; but Dolores' eyes were fixed on the deep red marks on the swollen and mangled throat.

When Arthur Merrick either spoke nor made any sign, she whispered:

"You have killed him!"

Merrick started then, and looked up; his lips moved, but Dolores could catch no sound.

"You have killed him," she whispered again.

"We have killed him!"

"No—no, impossible," Merrick replied in a voice of horror. "No, it was too quick, too sudden—he can't be dead. . . . Hilary, Hilary!" he cried

That much is clear. The world was effectually sterilised. As the molten mass cooled, whence did life come?

That was the problem, for it was assumed that life alone could generate living matter. Mr. Burke has answered the question.

Many things—in fact, most things—are known to be radio-active, though but slightly. In the long ages that followed the cooling of the world, this radio-activity produced life, slowly but surely. With life once upon the globe the rest is simple—to the scientist.

And to test this Mr. Burke is preparing a legacy for futurity. Tubes, prepared and sterilised as those for his experiments, are to be bequeathed to the nation, but instead of radium the tubes will contain ordinary earth of slight radio activity. Generations to come will be able to calculate how long it took for life to be produced upon the earth by natural means.

With the life-giving properties of radium now known, it is difficult to imagine to what we may not now advance. But it will not be in our time—or our children's. Science and nature do not work in years or centuries, but in ages.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

REVIVING THE CHAPERONE.

Certainly let us have chaperones back again. There is no doubt we need them. The most cursory glance at a newspaper when the Divorce Court is sitting is enough to show what modern morals are like.

In the days when the chaperone was universal such a state of things was unimagined of.

FATHER OF THREE.

It will be a bad thing for the nation if the chaperone is ever revived. The freedom with which our womenfolk about has much to do with the excellence of national morals, comparatively speaking.

If men find that they are unable to speak to a young woman without the presence of a "dragon," they will soon forsake decent society and go where there is not only freedom, but vice.

For men, as well as women's, sakes, save us from the chaperone. W. S. FELTON.

Boston.

SUNDAY CLOSING OF SHOPS.

The chief object of the Sunday Closing Bill seems to be to drive people into public-houses. If it is impossible to buy even an orange or a glass of lemonade on a Sunday afternoon people will drink beer and bad whisky in bars.

There is no alternative for the man or woman who does not want to stop at home in doors all day on Sunday. It is the public-house or nothing.

J. C. D.

OLD REASON FOR ARMY CEREMONIAL.

Not long ago a correspondent had some hard things to say on the subject of the movements of the Foot Guards when trooping the colours, and which he saw them practising on the Horse Guards Parade.

He may be interested to know that the parade movement to which he takes exception was instituted many years ago by the Duke of Cumberland to ensure his officers being sober on parade!

CAVALRY.

frantically seizing the limp form by the shoulders and shaking it to and fro. "Hilary—rouse yourself, man—speak—open your eyes. . . . Hilary! Hilary!"

But when he relaxed his grip on Hilary's shoulders the body fell back on the turf like a lifeless, limp bundle.

"Hush! You've killed him," Dolores said again.

"Hush—leave him alone—leave him with me!"

She moved then, advanced a step or two, and sank on the ground beside the body, opposite to Arthur Merrick.

And their eyes met for an instant.

"This is the end, the end I've brought you to," Dolores wailed softly like a child crying, "this, the wreckage of two lives! . . . Leave me, she cried with sudden strength, "leave me quickly. No one will know, no one will need ever know! He was my husband—leave me with my dead. I shall face this alone! I alone am responsible. Go, go."

"D'nt ask the impos'ible," Merrick said quickly. He had bent over the body again and was chafing the hands, trying to resort to artificial breathing.

"He is not dead," he whispered. "I am certain he still lives. Get some water—and some brandy—quick, Dolores, he still lives!"

"You're mad. He is dead—and we have murdered him!"

"Feel his heart! It beats! Lay your hand on his breast, Dolores. There! Don't you feel that his heart still beats?"

"Yes, I feel something," she cried, "but—"

"Do as I feel about! Only hurry—some brandy, quick!"

In an instant Dolores had vanished into the cottage; in a very few seconds she returned with water and spirits.

Together they knelt by the seemingly lifeless body and silently strove to kindle afresh the spark that had almost gone out for ever.

Minutes passed, minutes fled to hours, but they did not relax their efforts. The distant church clock struck ten—eleven.

(Continued on page 11.)

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TENTERDEN TRAGEDY: ALBANIAN MURDERED IN AN ORCHARD.



An Albanian, who with five others was going through Kent selling mats and cheap jewellery, was found murdered in an orchard near Tenterden, and his companions have been arrested. One of the men, in the custody of two detectives, appears in the photograph.



Mr. C. D. Meiton, the coroner, who is investigating the Tenterden tragedy (on the left), Superintendent Fowle (on the right), and the detectives engaged in the case.



The men who found the body of the murdered Albanian while inspecting a cherry orchard on Sunday.



The prison van conveying the suspected men to the inquest at St. Michael's leaving Tenterden police station, where they had been in custody.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

Still they worked on, silently, breathlessly. And as they worked they prayed.

They strove with all their strength, physical and mental, to restore life to the man who a little time since had sworn to rob them both of their lives.

And at last their prayers were answered, their efforts rewarded; the eyelids flickered, the tightly-closed lips moved ever so slightly, one thin grey hand beat the earth convulsively.

Dolores dropped back exhausted, worn out, fainting.

"Thank God!" she cried hysterically, "thank God!"

A few minutes later Horace Hilary opened his eyes and gazed straight up at the blue-black sky above his head, threaded with stars. He raised one weary arm, waving it to and fro as if stroking an invisible something in the air.

Suddenly, without warning, he sat upright and laughed horribly.

"Look at those hordes of devils. They still pursue me. I thought that I left them behind at Vogel's palace. I thought that I shut them in—in the cellar—with those bottles of brown, bright spirit; but they've escaped—they're coming!" he shouted. "Save me, Dolores—you alone can save me—your love will save me."

"Save me!" he shouted again, waving his arms wildly in the air. "Save me—your love—your kisses will save me."

He rolled to and fro, helplessly, his head dropped forward on his breast—and then Dolores opened wide her arms and flung them round the poor, swaying figure, and held it safely, closely to her breast.

"Yes—I will save you, Horace," she cried; "I am here—all the devils have left you—I am here—don't be afraid."

"You—you," he gasped; "at last—no dream—the real—you—my you . . . Dolores"

And with a rattle of childish laughter he fell back in his wife's arms.

Picking him up in his arms Arthur Merrick carried him into the cottage, preceded by Dolores.

"The stairs are steep," she whispered as they passed through the hall; "you had better let me help you."

"I can manage."

"This is his room."

Merrick laid Hilary on the bed and then turned to Dolores.

"He is unconscious again. Is there a doctor near?"

"Yes—but the house is difficult to find. I had better go, if you will stay."

Without waiting to put on a hat she ran down the stairs.

For some seconds Merrick gazed at the pale, unhappy face, even in its unconscious sleep a strange mixture of good and evil. Then he undressed him, as tenderly and as carefully as a woman.

When he had got him safely between the sheets he bathed his face and neck and arms in cold water.

The doctor arrived with Dolores; Merrick drew him aside and roughly outlined all that had happened; then he left him in the room alone with Dolores and her husband.

The examination was a long one, but Merrick saw by Dolores's face directly she appeared that it had been satisfactory.

"You can set your mind at rest," the doctor said quietly, "if the patient dies the slight injuries you caused, or he received in the struggle, will not in any way be responsible. The only physical injuries he has received are to his throat, and they are slight. I noticed that you had damaged his collar and shirt a great deal more than his throat," he added with a smile. "Perhaps it is lucky he wore so stiff a shirt and collar. No, the danger is purely mental; I am afraid he is paying the penalty for years of—well, you know. The crisis has come—wilder men would have succumbed long ago; of course, I won't pretend that this col-

lapse was not brought about by the great mental excitement he has evidently undergone, and I must warn you that it will probably be followed by great violence—delirium, even insanity. If you take my advice you will place him instantly in a home."

After the doctor had gone Dolores roused her servant, and then returned to her husband's bedside, where Arthur still watched.

"You must rest now," she said. "I don't know."

But he interrupted her quickly.

"I shall wait here all night, here with him. You must go to bed—please, I insist—a friend's privilege, he added, forcing a smile. "Your servant will wait on you—and then give me all I require—and the Proprieties will be satisfied! Come, go at once."

She obeyed him like a child.

"Will the doctor come to-morrow?" he asked, as she prepared to leave the room.

"He can't come himself, but he is going to send someone, a younger man, a Dr. O'Hara, who, he says, will stay some hours if necessary—and arrange—for a home."

Dolores hesitated for a moment, and then came to Arthur and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"But I think his home should be—here," she whispered.

Arthur bowed his head.

All through the night he watched by the side of Horace Hilary. Now and then consciousness returned to the sick man, now and then he started up and spoke rationally, asking a simple question or calling for something to drink. At other moments he raved and swore, then cried like a woman.

Then lay still, silent, helpless, like a lifeless log. So still that Merrick thought death must surely have crept unseen into the room, and it was only by feeling the faint, quick beating of his heart that he knew he lived.

Once or twice during the night Merrick crept along the passage to Dolores's room and listened outside the door, wondering whether she slept or wanted for anything. The glimmer of light

(Continued on page 13.)

"MY NERVES ARE OUT OF ORDER."

A Talk about a Trouble Affecting Many People. The Nerves Quickly Restored by Taking Bishop's Tonules.

Every day you hear somebody complaining because their nerves are out of order. It does not matter where you go, or whom you meet, someone or another is always telling you that they feel quite worn out, unable to get on with their work, unable even to think properly of what they have to do, and they are quite certain that sooner or later they will break down. It is no use grumbling about it, because grumbling will not restore your nerves or make you better. What you need to do is to find out what it really is that is wrong, and then find the remedy that will pull you together again. If your nerves are out of order read what we have to tell you, and we will explain what you have to do to make yourself well again.

HOW THE NERVES BECOME DISORDERED

Every moment in the day the body is being worn away, and at the same time it is being constantly renewed, and it is even said that the tissues, bones, muscles, and organs are completely renewed once in every seven years. Physical exertion wears the muscles away, and hard thinking, worry, anxiety, study, and the strain of business life wear away brain and nerve tissue. Obviously, both muscular and nerve tissue needs to be restored by rest and food as fast as it is worn away, and if you are thoroughly healthy and not overworked this goes on without you knowing anything about it. In many cases, however, the exertion, either of body or brain, is too intense or too prolonged, and the result is that the wearing away process goes on faster than that of replacement. Physical or mental breakdown consequently ensues. This is the simple explanation of the way in which the nervous or muscular system gets out of order, and it is our object here to explain the method by which the nervous system may be renewed and nervous collapse prevented.

NERVE NOURISHMENT

The special elements necessary for nerve nourishment are not quite the same as those required for muscular nourishment. Everyone knows that if a man is in athletic training he has to take the particular foods in the proper quantities best calculated to build up healthy muscle.

Similarly, if a man or woman has to work hard with the head, or there is a great strain on the nervous system, other chemical elements are particularly necessary to build up and strengthen the nerve and brain. These elements are contained in Bishop's Tonules, which nourish the nerves, create nerve power, economise nerve energy, and establish a reserve of nerve strength. There is no better way of restoring a weakened nervous system to healthy activity than by the adoption of Bishop's Tonic treatment.



in Bishop's Tonules, and hence the Tonic treatment. Bishop's Tonules nourish the nerves, create nerve power, economise nerve energy, and establish a reserve of nerve strength. There is no better way of restoring a weakened nervous system to healthy activity than by the adoption of Bishop's Tonic treatment.

A SCIENTIFIC REMEDY

Please recollect that in adopting Bishop's Tonic treatment you do not use a quick remedy of doubtful composition. Messrs. Alfred Bishop are quite willing at any time to explain the nature and the composition of Bishop's Tonules in confidence to any qualified medical man, so that before prescribing them he may know precisely what he is doing. No more perfect guarantee of the genuineness of the remedy can possibly be given.

SIGNS OF NERVOUS DISORDER

The reason we keep on telling you what are the warning signs of nervous trouble is that the importance of recognising them at once is so great. If you know just what is the matter with you when you first feel that you are out of health, you can stop the further progress of your trouble and save future discomfort or possible nervous breakdown. Go through this list carefully, so that you may see if you suffer in any of these ways. Do you suffer from lassitude, utter weariness, mental and muscular fatigue after very slight exertion, nervous and general debility, impaired vitality, mental depression, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous headache, weakened will power, loss of self-confidence and lack of pluck in trying situations, inability for sustained mental effort, irritability, brain fog, or the exhaustion following influenza or other exhausting ailment? If the symptoms mentioned above are yours, commence Bishop's Tonic treatment immediately.

COMMENCE WITH BISHOP'S TONULES TO-DAY

You can obtain a supply of Bishop's Tonules, which will be sent for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E., together with leaflet, "Nervous Disorders," or you can have them from any chemist at 1s. and 2s. 9d. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.



"Erasmic" Soap

"Erasmic" Soap is a positive luxury in hot weather. Its fragrance is so refreshing, its emollient properties so beneficial, that nobody will use any other toilet soap after testing "Erasmic."

"The DAINTY SOAP for DAINTY FOLK."

4d. per Tablet. 1/- per Box.

TEST ITS MERITS.

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To still further extend our already large Cash Tailoring business, we have completed arrangements whereby we are now prepared to accept orders on the above conditions. No objectionable methods. Subscriptions to be paid at our office or by post only. Gentlemen who appreciate well-cut and well-finished garments should certainly give us a call, or samples of choice materials and full particulars will be forwarded on receipt of a card to **M. J. Searle & Son, Ltd.**, 28, Cheap-side, E.C. First Floor. Phone 242 Central.

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This Dainty Cupid Pattern Plated Brush Tray worth 4/6.

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RUBBER HEELS. PENNA



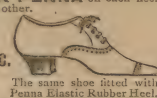
Why? spoil the look of your boots or shoes? Why risk accidents by wearing turning-style heels? when you can have the **PENNA** Elastic Rubber Heels, an exact and secure fit to your leather heels, which do not betray their existence, look clumsy, or unsightly. If you wear **PENNA** Heels no one can tell you are wearing Rubber Heels. The new **DECK PENNA** Heels have an everlasting device to prevent slipping on Wet or Damp pavements, or wet ship decks, and they wear twice as long as any other style of rubber heel (turning-style or any other form). See the words **DECK PENNA** on each heel. Insist upon having them and no other.

LADIES', 9d.; MEN'S, 1/3 per pair.

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Dress or Engagement Ring, 18-carat gold (Hallmarked). Set with 4 Rubies, 2 Sapphires, price 30/- cash, with Gift as discount, or send £8 with size of finger, and a further 20/- on receipt of Ring, and 26 each month until 30/- is paid. Ring Double-free. Free to Ring 25, same terms. Send 25 to **MASTERS, LTD.**, 75, Hope Street, B'VE, England.

Send **2/6** with order.

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MME. REJANE'S ELEGANT TOILETTES WORN IN "L'AGE D'AIMER" AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

POT-POURRI.

MAKE THIS DELICIOUS PERFUME NOW.

June is the time of roses, and therefore the moment has arrived for making pot-pourri. Is there a woman who does not cherish the fragrant odour of dead rose leaves in her rooms? Even the most city-beset domicile is fragrant of the country when pot-pourri is present to breathe memories of it.

The rose petals should be gathered early in the morning and be put in a large stone jar. Sprinkle a little salt over each half-inch layer of the petals, and add to the store from morning to morning till enough roses have been gathered for the purpose.



The Marquise hat is still very fashionable, and is shown above made of oat-brown Panama, trimmed with yellow roses and pink and brown ribbon.

Let them stand in the jar for ten days after the last are put in, stirring the whole every morning. Have an ounce each of cloves and allspice coarsely ground, and the same amount of stick cinnamon, broken and shredded fine with the fingers.

Next transfer the rose petals to another jar, and scatter the spices, mixing them together in layers alternately with the flowers. Cover the jar tightly and let it stand in a dark place for three weeks, when the stock will be ready for the permanent jar. Have ready a quarter of an ounce each of mace, allspice, and cloves, all coarsely ground or pounded in a mortar, half of a grated nutmeg, half an ounce of cinnamon, broken fine, once ounce of powdered orris-root, and a quarter of a pound of dried lavender flowers. Mix all together in a bowl and proceed to fill the rose jar with alternate layers of the stock and mixture.

A few drops each of several essential oils, such as rose, geranium, and bitter almond, should be dropped upon the layers as you progress, and over the whole pour an ounce of fine eau de Cologne or rose extract. This is sufficient to fill two quart jars or one very large one, and the mixture will keep fragrant for years.

From time to time various sweet things may be added to it, such as a few tuberose, a spray of heliotrope, or a few leaves of lemon verberna. The

A lovely
stage
robe
all of
blush
pink
mouseline
and lace.



In the play, "L'Age d'aimer," in which Mme. Rejane will act at to-day's matinee, that famous actress wears the above beautiful robe, which is made of very soft pink mouseline de soie, posed over exquisite lace, and trimmed with broad bands of pink satin ribbon at the hem of the skirt and on the sleeves.

aroma of the different spices becomes thoroughly mingled and blended, and the result is a delicious perfume. Any artistic jar may be used for the pot-pourri.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

To take away a man's good character is to give him a bad one.

Love has rights; friendship must content herself with privileges.

To be true to others compels us sometimes to be untrue to ourselves.

Familiarity breeds contempt—but only for that which is contemptible.

It is not enough for a woman to be wise for herself; she is always expected to be wise for someone else's self.

STANDS OUT.

A Food Different from Any Other in the World.

The famous food Grape-Nuts is different from any other food in the world (see Canadian Government analysis: sent on request), and the following case is an illustration:—

"My husband was for years subject to dyspepsia. The distress was almost unbearable, commencing at his throat and ending at the pit of his stomach.

"He gave up one kind of food after another vainly thinking each was the cause of his suffering until it seemed he must starve. He was frequently taken with vertigo on the street, or wherever he happened to be, with all its distressing symptoms. He also had terrible headaches which would stiffen the muscles of his face, until in 1896 he got so bad he could hardly articulate and could not remember the children's names.

"By the advice of our family physician he gave up his business, and for six years was cared for by his children. I had often urged him to try Grape-Nuts food, but as he could not eat oatmeal or any of the cereal foods he had tried he had no faith in any, not knowing that Grape-Nuts was different from all the others.

"One day he was suffering so that I asked him again to have some Grape-Nuts and he said, 'Give me anything you please.'

"So he ate a dish of the food and it agreed with him so well that he took it regularly each day, morning and night, for he began to get well, and now he has used the food over a year and a half, and would you believe it actually works in the shop 10 hours a day and eats almost all kinds of food. The brain trouble seems to have nearly left him, the headaches come only at longer intervals and then only after over-exertion.

"Although he is sixty-eight years old he is now fleshier than before, and his complexion, which was ashen and grey, is fresh and the blood shows a rosy colour through the skin. I look at him in amazement." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

People often look at the good effects of a diet of Grape-Nuts food in amazement, but "there's a reason."

7d. per packet. "Ask the grocer."



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Icilma Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for styes, sore eyes, chilblains, chaps, colds, rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat, riding or weakness.

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Water is, Cream is, Soap is. Send 2d. stamps for samples Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Coupon.

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. D), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

beneath the door told him that she was awake. At other moments he stood by the open window of Hilary's room and looked up at the great, peaceful heavens. And his lips formed a prayer—a prayer he was half-ashamed of. For it was a prayer for Dolores's husband.

It seemed as though the day would never break, as though Night lingered purposely, lingered with Death around the little Watford cottage. But at last a faint grey light in the east warned Merrick that the hours of darkness were past; then the grey flushed crimson, and the sun raised his head above the distant woodland.

Then all the birds woke up suddenly and commenced to sing, and the trees waved their arms and the flowers nodded their heads, and a cool sweet breeze blew through the garden.

And Arthur Merrick sank back into the big chair by the window, and, despite himself, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was ten o'clock before Dr. O'Hara came.

He was a young man, built like a Greek athlete,

with clear brown eyes, a merry smile, and a good Irish brogue. His very presence cheered and comforted. He seemed to take the situation in at a glance, and he seemed to understand Dolores perfectly; his instinct was that of a woman, and his gentleness almost remarkable for one who evidently possessed such great physical strength. As soon as he heard of Dolores's decision to keep her husband at home and nurse him herself he begged to be allowed to make the case a "special" one.

"I am a specialist in all brain diseases—and this is practically a brain case. Dr. Hague, whom you saw last night, has handed the case over to me, and I'd like to give it my whole attention, if I may. I've nothing else, or very little else, to attend to here; my practice is in Ireland, and I'm really holidaying here and helping Hague."

Dolores readily assented; she was attracted by O'Hara as he evidently was by her; and his strong personality swayed her; she felt safe in his presence.

He seemed, too, to have a soothing influence over Hilary.

But he insisted on Dolores having someone else to help her nurse her husband.

"You cannot do it all, even with my help, and I shall be here six hours out of the twenty-four every day. Your health is none too good. I won't insist

on a trained nurse, though I should prefer one—a friend, a relative."

"There is no one," she said slowly. "I have no friends—no relatives."

"I will find one," Arthur volunteered. "I must go to Epsom at once, and—and tell them what has happened. But I shall return to-night or to-morrow—and I'll bring a nurse with me."

Dolores would have objected, but the doctor nodded and sent Merrick off.

Dr. O'Hara was a wise man. He knew the best medicine is not always found in pill-boxes or bottles, and he realised that Dolores required nearly as much nursing and attention as her husband.

Dolores longed for and yet dreaded Arthur's return. She wanted to see him again, badly. But she feared meeting a stranger, the nurse.

He did not arrive at the cottage until the following day. Dolores saw a woman's luggage on the cab, and she waited with nervous trepidation in the drawing-room.

But when the door opened she started forward with a glad cry of astonishment.

For the nurse that Arthur Merrick ushered into the room was none other than Lyndal Maybrick.

(To be continued.)

